

Hello There Howard

The Mountain Goats

the guy on my right is new
and he says he feels kinda sad and his hands are cold
and he refuses the dice
so I pick 'em up myself.
I let 'em roll.

and the little white spots gleam like stars
and the guy on my right gets a look at the stickman
and he begins to sense where it is that we are
and the table's hot
but so am I
and I grab the bones and I let 'em fly.
so come 2 come 3 come 4 come 5 come 6 come 7 come 9
it doesn't matter to me now
'cause I've got all kinds of time.